BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, . . . KANSAS.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

When the winter morn is breaking
Over land-capes white with snow,
And the cold has sent the mercury
Down to ten or twelve below;

When the boarders shivering rise from bed
And quickly don their clothes
And hurry to the parlor stove
To thaw their freezing toes;

When people who must be at work
At seven o'clock or so
With gloved hands shield their ears as through
The icy streets they go;

When cans of milk are frozen
That are standing by the door,
And every body says it never
Was so cold before;

When the fair and gentle maiden
From her slumber sound awakes,
But no attempt to leave the couch,
So snug and warm, she makes.

She feels she's not quite rested—
All yesterday she shopped,
And tripped it at the hop last night
Until she nearly dropped.

"I'll take another nap," she says—
The beautiful young lady—
"And meantime ma will light the fire
And get the breakfast ready."

—Boston Courier.

A NIGHT WITH STANLEY.

Roger Casement, an Ivory Trader Meets Him at Stanley Pool.

The Great Explorer in His Tent—The Start for the Aruwimi Swamps—Stanley Talks Pleasantly About His Travels with Our Correspondent.

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In April, 1887, I was on my way through the cataract region of the lower Congo, leading a caravan of Zulus from Matadi to Stanley Pool, with a party of natives of the Ba-Kongo tribe acting as carriers of my personal loads—tent, private boxes, etc.—altogether numbering about one hundred persons.

The Zulus (sixty-four in number) were employed carrying two heavy cylinders of five hundred pounds each and some smaller pieces of machinery, all belonging to the steamer Florida, then in course of construction at Kinchasa Station, on the Pool, and only awaiting the very loads I was bringing up to be launched on the waters of the upper Congo and begin her journeyings through the untraveled regions of the interior in

ROGER CASEMENT.

search of ivory for the Sanford exploring expedition, of which I was a member.

Towards the middle of April I reached the native village of Lutete, only sixty miles from my destination on Stanley Pool, and here the news that H. M. Stanley, at the head of a great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, consisting of eight white officers, 600 Zanzibaris, and Tippo Tib, the renowned Arab slave trader from Stanley Falls, was on his way up country close behind me, caused me to use every exertion to hasten my march, so that I might be able to cross the Nkissi river, which falls into the Congo some fifteen miles beyond Lutete, before Stanley and his expedition should arrive on its banks; for I knew Stanley's journey was of far greater importance than mine, and that he would require all the canoes on the Nkissi to convey his caravan across, during which time I should be compelled to stand aside with a band of 100 semi-starving men.

Leaving Lutete I camped next day in Nzungi market place, about ten miles from the Nkissi.

Here I was overtaken by Mr. Jephson, one of Stanley's officers, who, preceding the main column, was charged with putting the portable boat together which accompanied the expedition—forming about thirty loads—so that every thing might be ready for the passage of the Nkissi when Stanley himself should arrive on its banks. Jephson hurried off at three a. m. next morning in pitch dark, we having learned in the night that the expedition had arrived at a spot only an hour's march behind us, where Stanley had halted for the night.

I followed Jephson at half-past four, hoping against hope that I might reach the Nkissi before Stanley, but it was still a long way off—three hours march, and my men could only travel at a snail's pace. They did their best, poor fellows, and at seven a. m. we had crossed the Lunzadi river by a frail bridge of felled trees, just sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the loads and men together, and were toilfully climbing up the steep hill on the far side when looking back I saw only half a mile behind us, across the valley of the Lunzadi, a long stream of people pouring down the hill towards the river, at their head a white man (I could see that by the clothes) on a white donkey, followed by two or three white-robed figures, which I judged to be Tippo Tib and his suite, and behind these long files of Zanzibaris and natives.

I knew it was Stanley at the head of his column, and that he would soon be upon us at the rate we were progressing.

I urged the Zulus up the hill and got them into a jog-trot almost with their heavy loads, while I hastened on with my camp equipage and the lighter loads to the Nkissi, where I arrived in about two hours, and found Jephson busily engaged piecing the portable boat together on the bank of the stream. The Nkissi runs through a gorge with steep banks of 250 to 300 feet, rising almost from the water's edge.

All my camp loads, tent, bed, food, etc., were passed over to the opposite shore of the river about 150 yards across in two small native canoes.

Entering the deserted village of Selo, which crowns the hill overlooking the river, I found it rapidly filling with Zanzibaris and Soudanese in long white shirts and blue uniforms, who, as they arrived in the shelter of the huts

STANLEY AT THE HEAD OF HIS COLUMN.

and trees, threw down their loads or piled their guns and crept away into corners and quiet spots out of the blaze of the mid-day sun.

I observed a young white man in shirt and flannel trousers moving about what had been the chief's house, and he, catching sight of me, came forward and, answering my greeting, said:

"Mr. Stanley is in there," pointing to the hut in the inclosure. "Would you like to see him?"

"Very much," I replied, "if he isn't too tired after his march."

Leading the way, he showed me into the hut, where I found myself face to face with Stanley. He was sitting on a box or old camp chair—I forget which—making a frugal breakfast off a cold roast Congo fowl, some hard, brown ship biscuit and a cup of tea without milk. His bronzed features, lit up by a pair of bright blue eyes and set off by the white mustache he wears and the gray hair which encircles his forehead, produced a very pleasing impression on me as I introduced myself and told him why I was traveling on the road to the Pool.

I asked him if he noticed much change or any improvement in the country since he had quitted it in 1884.

"Well," he replied, "I don't see much improvement anywhere. There are more white men out now, of course, but it strikes me they have too many books at headquarters in Boma, and too much office work and writing of dispatches, when men might be better employed doing something through the country. There are plenty of bridges to be built over these small streams which rise suddenly after a night's rain and hinder a caravan's crossing for two or three days sometimes. Why, there's the Lunzadi just back there, which when I left the Congo had a bridge over it, and now this morning I could hardly get my donkeys across by the log or two remaining."

I told him the natives along the route were very much afraid of his Zanzibaris and had been running away from the villages a day or two in advance of his coming, and of the difficulty I experienced in finding enough food for my men.

"Yes," he said, "I am particularly surprised at the absence of food in the country and the change in the manner of the people. When I went down country in '84, before going home to Europe, every village I passed through the chiefs presented me with something, and by the time I reached Matadi I had twenty-five goats saved to give to Vivi Station, where food was always scarce. Why, I remember in this very village of N'Selo," looking round on the deserted huts, "where now there is not a soul, I had a couple of goats given me then and plenty of food brought for my men."

Bidding Stanley good-bye I hastened after my men, who were now descending the steep hill in a rush, and left him.

I got my two cylinders over the Nkissi safely in the canoes, and at seven in the evening was able to see my campfires blazing merrily away for the night, while Jephson's shone across the water from the opposite shore; and up on the hill-top I could see the lights through the trees round N'Selo, where Stanley's men had taken up their quarters.

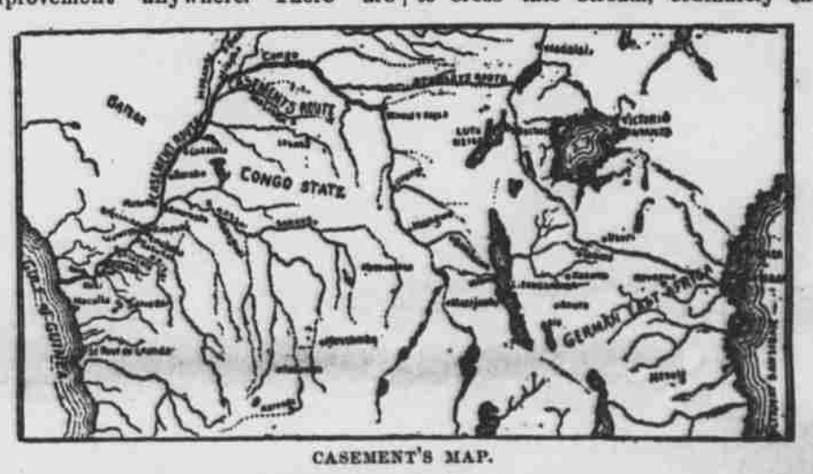
Next morning at noon Stanley came down to the far bank, and the work of embarking his men was rapidly commenced, and, steering the boat himself, with Uledi, his Zanzibari coxswain, giving orders to the crew, the first detachment was conveyed across the river.

Every man was safely over by evening; branches were cut, linen cloths strung from them tent-like, and all around us an encampment sprung up as if by magic, where the Zanzibaris ensconced themselves for the night.

At daybreak the camp was raised, tents were struck, loads redistributed to their carriers, and by six a. m. not a soul remained among the sticks and impromptu huts of the Zanzibar encampment. Every one was streaming along in the wake of Stanley on his white donkey. Soudanese soldiers, weakened by fever contracted since their arrival in the damp air of Congo, dragged their long limbs wearily over the unequal path; sick Zanzibaris struggled to keep up with their stronger companions, or despairingly threw themselves down by the bank of some stream, and, in answer to the appeals of their comrades, only shook their heads or despairingly looked at the thin, narrow strip of road winding over some hill-top in front, dipping into the recesses of a wooded valley, only to reappear a mile further on, where the leaders of the column were now beginning to emerge.

On the third day of this weary march we reached the Luila river, having kept close behind Stanley's march each day, amid the ruck of native carriers with ammunition loads and straggling or sick members of the expedition.

The Luila was in flood, and it was found necessary to put the boat together to cross this stream, ordinarily only



CASEMENT'S MAP.

knee-deep, a proceeding which delayed the march almost an entire day.

The next day Stanley reached the Pool and camped on the hill above Leopoldville station, where I found him on my arriving the subsequent evening with the Egyptian flag floating near his tent.

He pointed to it and said: "You see we are an Egyptian expedition, going to relieve an officer of the Khedive's Government"—and then some native chiefs, old friends from Ngalyiema's village near by, came to greet their well-remembered Bula Matadi and see how he looked after four years' absence from the Congo in Mputu—the white man's land.

On the morrow I continued my journey to Kinchasa, where I found the hull of the Florida ready for launching, only requiring the engines to be fitted in her.

Stanley had, however, requisitioned her as she stood from the chief of the Sanford expedition, for the entire flotilla of steamers on Stanley Pool were incapable of holding all the men and loads of the relief expedition, and he wished to use the shell of the Florida as a barge, to fill her with men and loads, and tow her alongside the State steamer Stanley.

For several days during the end of April all was bustle and excitement round the shores of Stanley Pool, loading the various little stern-wheel steamers of the State, and the two missions and at our station, endeavoring to construct a hasty slip to effect the launch of the Florida. All our efforts were in vain; the beams cracked and bent beneath her weight, and the upright supports beneath her sank deep in the mud as we tried to induce the unwieldy frame of steel to glide down the inclined plane of greased logs into the river.

On the following morning Stanley appeared with about two hundred Zanzibaris and accompanied by Stairs, Nelson and Jephson, and after some tremendous shoving and hauling the Florida commenced to move down the slip. Redoubling our exertions, all of us white men lending a hand wherever we could get in an arm or a shoulder to shove, while Stanley stood on the bank and urged on his men by words of encouragement, we at length got the steamer on the run; and, while the beams cracked and bent and the logs sank into the mud as she slid over them, the Florida shot gracefully into the waters of the Congo, where the Stanley speedily took her in tow down to where the expedition loads were being embarked at the Baptist mission station.

On the 30th of April every thing was ready. Swinburne, Troup and I walked down to the mission grounds, about a mile off, to bid good-bye to the members of the expedition and watch their departure for the Aruwimi and the unknown lands which lay beyond it.

At last every thing was complete; the donkeys had with difficulty been got on board the steamship Stanley and her companion, the Florida; the men, Zanzibaris, Soudanense and Somaulis were all in their places on each of the little steamers of the fleet.

Stanley was the last to leave, accompanied by Herbert Ward, in the little Baptist steamer Peace, the only screw-boat then on the Pool, and bidding each of us good-bye as he grasped our hands he stepped on board and waved his cap ere he set his face up river resolutely to think of the great task which lay before him.

Swinburne, Troup and I returned to Kinchasa half an hour later, wondering if we should ever see any of the men again we had parted from that morning.

On reaching Kinchasa, what was our astonishment to find the black crew of the Peace and many Zanzibaris about the station, while we could see the little steamer herself alongside our beach. Hurrying to our dining-room we found Stanley giving some instructions

STANLEY POOL.

to the engineer of the steamer, and in answer to our:

"Why, Mr. Stanley, how is this? We thought you were a couple of miles up the Pool." He replied:

"So we ought to have been, but when we just got opposite the station here in the bad water off the islands something broke, and the rudder wouldn't act. We were at the mercy of the stream, and almost drifted on the rocks of the island there.

"I thought we should have to swim for it, and turned to Ward, saying it was time to jump, but luckily we escaped the rocks and were able to get into your beach, Swinburne, and so here we are until to-morrow, I fear.

"The engineers will have to work all night at repairing the damage."

Our little dinner that night was one of the pleasantest of my experiences during my five years in Africa. How well I remember Stanley's bright, agreeable conversation during the meal, how active our little black servant boys were to attend upon the feast, the real—the *true* Bula Matadi—none of your spurious imitations, but the genuine being who had thrashed their chiefs in many a fight and then "made blood-brothers" with them who had journeyed in lands far up the great river, where fabled dwarfs with top-heavy heads dwelt; or who, in his own land, the distant Mputu, whence the white men came far across the sea, was the King and father of them all! Ah! well, poor little chaps, they were accustomed to hear us talk of Bula Matadi as our leader and settler of our disagreements on the Congo as to how our work should be done, and they naturally thought we must owe allegiance in our own land to this big white chief.

Dinner over, during our coffee and cigars (for we sometimes possess these luxuries down on Stanley Pool) Stanley most graphically described his descent of the great cataract below the Pool—how he had dragged his camels two miles nearly over an island at the mouth of the Gordon-Bennett tributary to avoid the Livingstone rapids, which raged and howled outside the island.

"I wandered for two days along the north bank seeking a place to descend," he said, "but all was a hideous roar of waters tossing their huge waves up one hundred feet from the surface—such a sea of broken billows that the Great Eastern herself would be like a chip of firewood thrown upon it. Lying flat on my face on an overhanging cliff which rose high above this raging, roaring mass of water, I watched it foaming and boiling along far below me. No one else has stood on that cliff, I am sure. It lies hidden away somewhere below the Gordon-Bennett entrance into the Congo, and from it the most magnificent view of the rapids is obtainable."

I was deeply interested in his graphic description of his descent of the river on that "Dark Continent" journey, and ventured to ask him if he thought a white man could travel through tropical Africa without means, men or armed followers, as Rene Callie did through the Soudan about 1820. He looked at me and replied:

"People have tried that since Callie. There was that German who attempted a somewhat similar journey on the east coast, but did not succeed." Then I saw a smile stealing round the corners of his mouth as he continued.

"You might perform the journey from Matadi to the Pool on stilts, Mr. Casement, and I have no doubt you could ac-

"GOOD BYE, SNARLEYOW."

complish the remainder of the distance on your head, if you liked to devote enough time to it, but what good you would derive from it, or any one else, when you emerged at Zanzibar, I don't really know."

With this parting shot Stanley left us for the night, telling Ward to be up early for the morning start.

Next day we were up before the sun, and the repairs on the Peace having been executed during the night, all was once more ready for a start, and by the time we had finished our coffee Ward had marshaled the Zanzibaris, distributed their rations to them through their headmen, and they were getting on board the Peace.

Her whistle blew, the engineer came up to say they were waiting for him, and Mr. Stanley rose to say good-bye, and I accompanied him down the steps of the verandah to the path which led to the river.

Again shaking our hands, he walked some paces towards the steamer, then, as if suddenly remembering something, he turned round, and, shooting a sly glance at me, bowed to my bull-dog, Paddy, who was blinking on the steps, and holding out his hand to him said:

"And good-bye, too, Snarleyow!"

A moment or two later the Peace was shooting out through the rapids round Kinchasa islands, and every quick swirl of her propeller through the water carried the little steamer further and further away out on to the calm, placid expanse of the Pool, whence soon only a thin wreath of smoke served to mark the spot where she struggled to overtake her consorts now steaming with a full day's start up the broad bosom of the Congo.

As the smoke slowly faded away on the horizon we turned away from the beach and were soon busily employed, Swinburne and I, arranging for our coming journey to the upper waters of the Congo.

I waited at Kinchasa until an opportunity offered of traveling up to the Equator Station, some three hundred and fifty miles beyond the Pool, where I took up my quarters while awaiting the arrival of the steamer in which I hoped to be able to penetrate the tributaries of the Congo lying above that point, of which strange stories almost daily reached me of cannibal orgies and raiding tribes who signalized each fresh triumph over their enemies by feasting on the bodies of the prisoners they had captured in the fight.

ROGER CASEMENT.

The Little Men of Africa.

The Akkas are described by Dr. Junker as the only voluntary nomads of the Central African regions. They construct their little cone-shaped grass huts in the shelter of the trees of the woods, and live in a district as long as the chase lasts. They prefer to abide among some tribes and avoid others. The rulers welcome them, and they, being practiced archers and gunning warriors, are employed in the invasion of the territories of neighboring tribes. They possess no industry, and buy even their arrowheads in exchange for meat, the produce of the chase. They are timid and suspicious, and Dr. Junker only once saw about one hundred and fifty of them together. They can not properly be described as dwarfs, but only as relatively very small men.—Phrenological Journal.